Incense Bearers OF HAN

James R. Graham, Jr.

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INCENSE-BEARERS OF HAN

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Incense-Bearers of Han

Stories of Twice-Born Chinese

by

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PREFACE

The Chinese are an ancient and an interesting people. Other nations have risen to great heights of power and dominion and then have one by one fallen and been relegated to the limbo of oblivion or strewn upon the sands of time.

All the while China and the Chinese have continued the even tenor of their way. The storms of time have not neglected to beat upon them but the serene majesty of the people and nation seems to have been as little affected as the cliffs of Gibraltar by the breakers of the Mediterranean and Atlantic.

One looks on the inside and finds cliques, divisions, parties innumerable, as many wheels moving in opposite directions as in the back of an Elgin watch, and yet presenting an amazing unity and solidarity withal. As easy to dent as a rubber ball, the dent disappears as suddenly when the pressure is relaxed. As easy to invade as a pit of quicksand and just as absorptive.

I have been asked to try and account for the longevity of China. I reply that I believe the answer to this as to every other question will be found between the covers of the Bible. "Honor

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thy father and thy mother" is the first commandment with promise and the promise is "that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The first of the virtues listed by the sage Confucius was the character "siao" which means *filial piety*. We know of no nation that, through the centuries, has collectively applied itself to obedience to this moral principle as has China, and the effect of this cause is that "their days have been long in the land which the Lord God gave them."

In recent years the interest of Western readers has been aroused as never before in the land and people of China. With pen-strokes of real literary genius the life and habits of her people have been portrayed in fictional form. The quaintness, uniqueness and attractiveness of the people have been so presented to secular readers in the West as to convey to them a slight touch of the lure that seizes upon everyone who sojourns at any length among them. It has placed the noveliste, who has pioneered in this field on the loftiest of literary pedestals. Other writers have ridden the wave with efforts, in this direction, distinctly inferior.

Owing to the fact that this author was raised among the Chinese people and from youth has

been conversant with the language and customs of the people, and on occasion has given parlor narrations of stories from his knowledge and experience, he has been urged by some friends to take advantage of the tide of interest in things Chinese and commit such stories to writing for secular consumption. This, to date, we have had neither time nor inclination to do, having been called to preach the Gospel.

However, we have told the stories submitted herewith that bear testimony to the power of God in the hearts of members of this lovable and ancient race to so many audiences and with such obvious evidences of interest and inspiration, that we have acceded to an oft-repeated demand to commit them to writing.

Regeneration in no sense denationalizes these folks, so in describing them both before and after this supernatural event ha occurred to them, we have striven to avoid obscuring their natural characteristics or etching personalities that are strangers to their background of environment.

It may be noted that the distinctly *indigenous* Chinese flavor of the first three chapters largely disappears in the later stories. The reason is not far to seek. The characters portrayed in the latter chapters are of modern China, and in their habits

of living and thinking have been so largely Westernized that to cast them in the ancient mold would be a literary absurdity.

Just a word about the title, "Incense-Bearers of Han." HAN is the old name for China proper, the area that comprises the eighteen provinces and excludes Manchuria, Tibet and other out-lying provinces. The "incense-bearers" we have derived from the thought contained in the passage of scripture, II Corinthians chapter two, verses fourteen to sixteen. The following translation of this scripture is particularly impressive: "Now thanks be unto God Who always causeth us to triumph in Christ. For by me he sendeth forth the knowledge of God, a stream of fragrant incense throughout the earth. For Christ's is the fragrance that I offer up to God in them who are saved and in them who are lost. To these it is an odor of death, to these an odor of life."

The picture seems to be of a triumphal procession of one of the Roman conquerors. The conqueror rides on a white steed at the head of the column, followed by the Vestal Virgins, each of whom holds a censer containing fragrant incense which they swing as they march along. Behind them comes chained a group of the captives of war, half of whom will be that day executed when

the parade is over and the other half will be released to return to their own country. The odor of fragrant incense, an oblation to the conqueror, is wafted back into the nostrils of these captives. To some it portends death, to others life.

The Apostle Paul conceives of himself as a dispenser of the fragrance of Christ's Gospel to all men, whether they receive it to their own salvation or reject it to their own perdition. The fragrance is there in either case and the triumph of the Christ is assured.

In a very true sense every believer is a bearer of the sweet odor of the grace and truth that is in Jesus Christ. I believe the sympathetic reader, having perused these stories of "The Incense-Bearers of Han," will agree that they fulfill the type.

JAMES R. GRAHAM, JR., D.D.

Glendale, California

FOREWORD

BECAUSE of our personal admiration of the Christian character and fearless testimony of the author of this book, and of the memory of many hours of delightful fellowship that we have enjoyed with him, we were most happy to consent when he asked us to write a Foreword for this volume, which contains a collection of stories which he has often told from the platform. At the same time, we were just a little bit fearful that our friend, in attempting to put these tales on paper, might lose something of his characteristic vigorous and stirring mode of verbal expression, and thus detract, quite unwittingly, from the thrilling, spiritual challenge which these true experiences of twice-born men across the seas offer. But our fears were groundless. We have just finished reading the galley proofs of *Incense-Bearers of Han*, and our heart has been warmed again by these reminders of the grace and power of our Lord Jesus Christ as they have been manifested in the lives of some of the lovable people of the Far East.

It is said of Dr. Graham that he is one of the most gifted linguists among the Occidentals. This is due, in part, to the fact that he was born in China, the son of missionary parents, but it is also because he has recognized that language is the

vehicle of expression, and he has never ceased, even as a veteran missionary, to study the language itself, and the basic philosophy of the Chinese upper classes, the writings of the sages of ancient China. It is for this reason that the author has been able to converse with Chinese nationals of all classes "in their own language"—this is why he has had opportunities afforded few missionaries, that of intercourse with men such as Mr. Hu and Mr. Chu, whose story, among others, is told herein.

Incense-Bearers of Han should be, under God, the means of great blessing in many lives. We are made strongly conscious of our own weakness, of the ineffectiveness of our own testimony, of the lack of vitality in our own Christian living when we learn of the positive witness of these Chinese Christians, who are ready to suffer anything for Christ's sake, and who, as a rule rather than as an exception, are called upon to bear much because of their allegiance to the One Who gave Himself for them. And we learn how real and operative the power of the indwelling Christ is, *in this very day*, in the hearts of those who are willing to reckon themselves dead unto sin and alive unto God.

The stories are told with a deep insight into the minds and ways of the Chinese; they are punctuated with touches of humor; they are so realistic that the characters seem to breathe and walk and speak before our eyes. But most im-

portant, there are introduced to us in these pages Christian men and women, from every stratum of oriental society, who have come to know the one true God, forgiveness of their sins, and the way of victorious living, through Jesus Christ—men and women whose hearts are aflame with love for the Saviour who has become the Lord of their lives in truth as well as in theory.

But we must not keep you from *Incense-Bearers of Han* by an over-wordy introduction. Read the book for yourself. You will share our enthusiasm, and we feel sure that your soul will be blessed as ours has been.

E. Schuyler English, Litt.D.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Chapter I

THE TIGER BECOMES A LAMB

Mr. Wang is the third brother in that particular family of Wang which dwells in the village of Wang in the northern reaches of the province of Kiangsu. He is a large man, about six feet in height, with broad shoulders and a sizeable head. His wide flat nose is fairly well distributed over the area of his face, which is somewhat reminiscent of a meat platter. After arising at a late hour of the morning, inhaling his morning ration of soft rice or wheat gruel, he sweeps majestically and importantly down the street, hands in his sleeves, to the village tea shop. There, with legs crossed, and jerking the up-pointed toe to the cadence of the melody, he listens to an itinerant bard chant the sagas of his people, the while fondling his tea cup with his strong, well-shaped fingers. Time is no object, and Mr. Wang

remains at his table after the transient songster has taken his departure.

Presently he is joined by a group of friends who are in turn served to tea by the noisy and loquacious attendant, who greets the new-comers familiarly. This hearty man represents a type,—numerous, distinctive and interesting. He wears a well-worn satin gown and is girded about the waist with an apron that flows well-nigh down to the hem of his garment, caked with the grease and wipings of the years. Over his shoulder is slung a cotton rag that was probably white in the Tang Dynasty, but not since. At a jaunty angle on the top of his head, rests the conventional small hat, battered and shiny with grease and surmounted by a frayed cloth button, which peeps through its insulation of red silk thread. He places a pot with a thin sprinkling of tea leaves over the bottom, and a cup in front of each of the patrons, then swaggers over to the stove in the corner from which he takes a kettle with an amazingly long spout. With his left hand he grasps the tea pot, tilts it over and thumbs aside the cover which is about the size of a silver dollar. Then, from a distance of not less than two feet, he propels a stream of boiling water squarely into the aperture in the top of the pot. If the dexterity of his right

hand should fail him he would have a couple of scalded fingers on his left! After the usual amenities, Mr. Wang sits phlegmatically listening to his friends discuss money, local politics, the crops, the bandit situation and the doings of the townspeople. The content of the conversation of these oriental wiseacres does not differ greatly from that of the casual meetings of mid-morning Coca Cola drinkers at the fountains along America's Main Street. This difference is however to be noted. The wise men of the East are vastly more leisurely and less hurried, and their materialism is freely interspersed with philosophical observations and platitudes, and clothed with a degree of sanctimoniousness by a multitude of proverbial and classical quotations.

Finally aroused from his silence, our Mr. Wang feels called upon to enlighten his friends with the pearls of his wisdom and observation. He uncrosses his legs, plants both feet on the mud floor, pulls up his bench, extends both arms, flicks back each sleeve with a swift motion of the opposite hand, and proceeds to expatiate. With numerous gesticulations and facial grimaces, he delivers himself of what he, at least, believes to be the final word on every topic. He expresses deep distress at the degeneracy of the Government,

both provincial and local, and deplores the general departure from the economic principals of the philosopher, Mencius. The youth he avers to be growing up as barbarians uninstructed in the lofty moral precepts of the sage Confucius, inducing misgovernment of all kinds and official rapacity even to the extent of connivance with banditry. Otherwise (with lowered voice and furtive side-glances) how could the Tiger be permitted to continue his nightly depredations? His auditors all grunted assent, as one put in, "Did you hear that night before last, that pock-marked-one raided the Chang family village? Who knows when it will be the turn of our village? Our only hope is that he will respect the ancestral name. I am told the chieftain is himself of the name of Wang even as are we." "Yes, yes," agreed the others, "they call him Wang-Three, the Tiger!"

After a little altercation as to who will pay for the tea, our friend Mr. Wang lifts his long gown from the bottom, projects his fingers into his belt pouch and extracts some copper coins. With a toss of his right hand to arrange them in order to count, he jerks his right thumb nail three times, to deftly transfer three groups of five to his left hand, which he lays on the table.

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He throws a couple more down as a tip for the waiter, and they all take their departure. Mr. Wang, the stalwart one, saunters slowly up the narrow village street, hands in his sleeves and a chuckle in his heart. Little did they dream that the pious propounder of the teachings of the sages by day was Wang-Three, the Tiger, himself!

* * * * * *

I was going to preach the Gospel and teach the Word of God in the Market-Village-of-the Great-Prosperity. "There is a keen group of Christians in the town to which you are going, and the preacher, Mr. Wang, is an interesting character. Ask him to tell you his story if you have a chance." This I was told by a friend before leaving the city.

I had been there two days when preacher Wang suggested that we walk over to a neighboring village for some visiting and street preaching. As we plodded down the dusty road, I said, "Mr. Wang, tell me your story. I would like to know how you came to be a Christian and to become a preacher of Christ's Gospel." Without hesitation he proceeded to do so.

Stopping in the middle of the road he swept his arm around the horizon in a wide semi-circle.

"All over this country I was formerly known as Wang-Three the Tiger (Wang-San Lao-Hu), the chieftain over a robber band of about three hundred men. My home was in the Wang Family Village just a few li from the Chess-Board Village where you, pastor, were preaching just a few days ago." With this he pointed in a northwesterly direction. "By day I was a Confucian scholar and a respected citizen of my village, one of the elders in fact. By night I would join my men in some previously agreed upon rendezvous and lead them in a raid upon some village or town that we felt sure we could overpower. We would make a surprise attack, concertedly upon three gates if it was a walled village, and when we had effected an entrance, would rob, kidnap, burn and kill at will. Our methods were those of terrorism, and the vengeance we wreaked on any who dared to resist was awful. I recall one man who attempted to withstand me one night with a farming implement. I whirled up my broadsword to the height and split him in two from the crown of his head to his crotch, just as if he had been a piece of kindling wood!"

No longer a young man, his eye was hardly yet dimmed or his natural force abated, and he was still able to give a convincing dramatization

of bringing his broadsword down on the pate of his luckless victim. As the story progressed, and he projected himself mentally back into the days of yore, his normally placid countenance darkened and his black eyes gleamed with some of the old fury. One felt inclined to breathe a prayer of thankfulness for having been kept from his path in those bold, bad days. "I broke all of the ten commandments, some of them daily. I feared neither God nor man and became utterly hardened in sin, as this career of cruelty extended over several years." By day one of his village gentry, and by night, the roaring Tiger, this "elusive pimpernel" of old Cathay performed his dual role undiscovered and even unsuspected by his nearest neighbors.

And it came to pass on a certain day, strolling with his accustomed dignity down the main street of the Village of Wang, he approached the end of the street which terminated at the unimposing gate in the mud wall. On his left was a two leaved door standing ajar and opening into a court-yard, on the far side of which was the usual mud structure with thatched roof, perhaps a little longer than most.

Mr. Wang had passed this same door innumerable times before and had seen the three bold

characters, "Yesu T'ang" (Jesus Hall), inscribed over the entrance, but had disdained to enter a place where his mercenary fellow countrymen were employed by the "men from the ocean" to preach some strange foreign doctrine, he knew not what.

On this occasion, seeking relief from the boredom of the languid village, his feet were arrested as the sounds of melody issuing from the inner temple lighted upon his ears. The melody was somewhat discordant to be sure, but differed in quality from that of the tea-shop songsters sufficiently to intrigue his imagination. What could they mean by those strange words?

> Precious Name, Oh, how sweet,
> Hope of earth and joy of Heaven.

He finally yielded to the inclination to go in and try and discover what it was all about.

Just as he took his seat on one of the backless benches in the rear of the hall, the singing came to an end and a clean-cut looking young man stood up and opened a book and commenced to read. The reading was in the colloquial style of writing, for which the classically trained Mr. Wang felt a contempt as being beneath the literary dignity of the scholar, but he found him-

self listening in spite of it. The story seemed to be about some Man who was led out to be crucified, and of two others who were crucified with Him.

The reading soon ceased and the young man with eloquent earnestness began to tell in his own words the story. He elucidated how this Righteous One, "Yesu," had been led out to be crucified and that there were two robbers executed at the same time. "Oh, they were robbers," thought Mr. Wang, "I never got that the first time."

Then the young man showed how one scoffed at Him and railed upon Him and was consigned as a result to eternal perdition, while the other by a simple act of faith had called upon Him and was promised an immediate entrance into Paradise. He went on to extol the grace of God in Christ which extended to a robber and murderer full forgiveness and Paradise happiness on the sole condition of faith in this crucified "Yesu," and calling upon His Name. Works were definitely excluded since both His hands and his feet were nailed up!

"Truly that is strange doctrine," thought the Tiger, "a robber like myself admitted to Paradise just by calling on the Name of this Jesus!"

This simple message was concluded and the little group who were present were urged to avail themselves of the free grace of Christ as did the penitent thief, lest being found rejecting it, they should be cast into the lake of fire as was the impenitent one.

Wang - San Lao - Hu, hardened sinner that he was, felt himself strangely warmed and interested. After the prayer of dismissal he made his way forward and sought an opportunity to speak to the preacher.

Addressing the youthful minister he said, "Did I understand that the robber who was crucified with Jesus actually entered into Paradise?"

"Yes sir, that is correct. That very day he joined Jesus in Paradise," came the reply.

"Do you think your Jesus could save me?" inquired the stalwart one.

"Indeed He can, sir!" The preacher glowed with the blessed assurance.

"Ah, but young man, you have no idea who I am."

"I admit, sir, that I do not know who you are, but if He could save a wicked robber, He can save a gentleman like yourself, whoever, or whatever you are!"

"Step over into this corner," ordered the big man, as one accustomed to command.

The younger man obeyed and Mr. Wang followed. Casting a stealthy glance around, as if not caring to be overheard, his face clouded with a scowl, he placed his index finger on the apex of his nose, glared at the young preacher, and rasped in a coarse whisper, "Woa sz Wang-San Lao-Hu!—I am Wang-Three-the-Tiger!"

It was now the turn of the beloved young Timothy to change expression. He paled perceptibly as he glanced toward the windows and door, expecting to see an influx of the "pock-marked-ones" composing the Tiger's following.

"Do not be afraid, none of my men are here. But do you think your Jesus would receive Wang-San Lao-Hu?"

The messenger of the King gulped hard as he strove to regain his composure.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Wang. Certainly! Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!"

"What must I do about it?" inquired the Tiger.

"Just kneel here with me, and give your heart

to Christ, for God's Word says, 'WHOSOEVER shall call upon the Name of the Lord, the same shall be saved'."

Down on their knees they went together as the devout young preacher poured out his heart to God for the salvation of a lost soul.

* * * * * *

We are back on the dusty road twenty years later as the erstwhile Tiger with some emotion concludes his story.

"And then, pastor, when he had prayed so earnestly and my heart was bent in repentance and conviction, he led me in a few petitions as I called on the Lord for His forgiveness and salvation. A flood of joy and peace came into my soul as the Holy Spirit came into me to dwell and to assure me that my sins were washed away. From the moment I arose from my knees I have been a new creature in Christ Jesus. Wang-San Lao-Hu was dead, and instead I became just a little lamb of the Lord Jesus! Yes, just a little lamb of the Lord Jesus!" He repeated this as a look of tender sweetness transfigured his countenance. "And ever since I have been telling men and women of His grace, His Love, and His saving Power."

An incense-bearer of the fragrance of Christ!

Oh the love that sought me,
Oh the blood that bought me,
Oh the grace that brought me to the fold,
Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

Chapter II

LEE-BORN-OF-THE-SPIRIT

Mighty in Prayer and Faith

The church in the Eighth Village was in an uproar. Every tongue was wagging at the defection from sound morals of Deacon Lee-Hope-to-get-Rich.

The more tolerant souls were urging that a little less acrimony be directed toward him, since after all (it appeared that) he was more a victim than an instigator of the untoward circumstances which now engulfed him.

Deacon Lee was an itinerant peddler of books, the books being predominantly novels and folklore of none too good repute.

Since becoming connected with the Hall of the Jesus Doctrine his way of life had not visibly altered to the outside world, and though he had been elevated to the exalted office of Deacon by

the election of his fellow-members, it was rather in deference to the fact that he was a man of persuasive eloquence than because of any outstanding spiritual qualities. In fact he was distinctly sub-par in the esteem of those who had in pretence or in truth named the Name of Christ.

There had been, however, up to this time no outstanding charge against him. Even though she was childless, he had been faithful to his wife, and had never made the slightest move to take an additional wife in the hopes of having children to carry on the family tradition. The latter course was both desirable and advisable according to the ancient code of his nation and his heathen relatives had urged him to pursue it. But he had steadfastly eschewed it as being out of keeping with the "customs" of the Jesus Hall.

It came to pass that one of Deacon Lee's brothers, having migrated to the city of Nanking, had prospered in business. In accordance with the traditions of clan-loyalty, he cast around in his mind for some means of enhancing the power and increasing the numbers of the House of Lee.

He bethought himself of the fact that his elder brother Lee-Hope-to-get-Rich had neither gotten rich nor produced sons, the latter failure being the more lamentable of the two. The difficulty had

been further aggravated because his brother, having joined himself to the Jesus Hall of the foreign doctrine, had insisted on denying himself a second wife and the chance of posterity by reason of the rules and practices of that queer organization.

He decided to divorce him from such silly scruples by forcing his hand. He therefore purchased an eligible daughter from an impecunious father, paid her travelling expenses for the journey up the Grand Canal and across the country, and sent her on her way to the ancestral village.

Deacon Lee answered a knock on his door and found a strange damsel standing without. When he inquired what her business was, she informed him that she sought one Lee-Hope-to-get-Rich, saying that she had come from Nanking at the behest of his brother to become his wife! In token of which she produced documentary evidence, receipts, bills of lading, etcetera. Imagine a pious churchman being in such a predicament!

To say that the Deacon was flabbergasted would be to state it conservatively. His first amazement gave place to baffled rage. He was between Scylla and Charybdis. If he took her into his home his reputation with his fellow-communicants at the Jesus Hall would be damaged well-nigh beyond

repair. If he turned her away to tell her story to all and sundry in the streets, the House of Lee would become a public laughing-stock.

He chose the first as the least bitter of the two pills, received the unwelcome woman from the South into his house and ordered that she be entertained as a guest.

Knowing that the news would fly on the wings of the wind, he hastened around to the Jesus Hall to explain how he had been victimized by his brother who had learned the vicious ways of the South.

Such a juicy topic of conversation had not been forthcoming in years, and was the occasion for the bedlam of gossip that we referred to at the outset of this history.

The war of words continued to rage over a period of weeks, during which time the Deacon was striving feverishly to marry off his unwelcome guest to any eligible male in sight. To all such he dilated upon the charms, culture and beauty of the fair one from the South, his main problem being to conceal his eagerness to be rid of her.

Negotiations were under way with several parties within the church and without, and the freshness of the event to Deacon Lee having worn off,

the discussion had considerably abated. His obviously sincere attempts to marry her off, coupled with the kindlier counsels of the better-disposed, had gradually eased the tension and cooled the flames of criticism.

It seemed, however, that there was yet further chastisement in store for Mr. Lee. He had arrayed himself in his best gown on a bright Sunday morning to attend the house of worship. Two of his best friends had dropped by to accompany him to the morning service. As the three issued from the front door and out on to the threshing-floor Mr. Lee still hoping-to-get-rich observed that one branch of the locust tree that was beside the threshingfloor and in close juxtaposition to the large circular cesspool, was hanging limp and broken. He stopped and gave a grunt of displeasure as he mentally debated his most profitable course. If he left the branch in that condition some neighbor might take advantage of his absence and relieve him of a piece of prospective firewood. On the other hand, to do anything in the way of servile work on the Sabbath would not commend his piety to the elders who were with him. That which the Chinese has in common with a Scotsman won the day. He asked his friends to wait a moment as he hastened back into the house

and presently came out again with a small bench in his left hand and a saw in his right.

He placed the bench under the drooping branch, near the edge of the cesspool, stood upon it and proceeded to saw. Perhaps you have already guessed it, but if not, here it is. In the midst of his effort he overbalanced himself on the rickety bench and plunged headlong (still grasping the saw) into the unspeakable filth of the cesspool. His friends who witnessed the tragedy found it convenient to regard it as a divine visitation on the ubiquitous Mr. Lee and fled in terror, real or feigned, leaving him to extricate himself from his woeful plight.

They burst in upon the assembly gathered for worship and informed them of this further misfortune that had overtaken Mr. Lee. Bedlam was again let loose. "Kai Ying—Kai Ying! Just punishment, just punishment" and "we told you so" shouted those who had been most violent in their denunciations before, but had been silenced by the moderates.

The humiliation of poor Mr. Lee was complete. For weeks after his interment in filth he did not show his face at the Jesus Hall, even though in that time he had vindicated himself with respect to the woman from the South by contracting a

marriage for her to a respected member of the church and community.

Our God moves in mysterious ways to accomplish the purposes of His glory. "He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy . . . that He may make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy." A proud, garrulous busybody had been buffeted into docile humility by the kindly chastening of a loving God.

It was a quiet, unobstrusive Mr. Lee who resumed attendance at the Jesus Hall when we came to the Eighth Village to preach the Word of God.

It was about the fourth day of the meeting that we gave messages on the "Meaning of the Cross," the propitiatory death of Christ. We showed that the Cross is the condemnation of the world and the complete proof of the futility of human works. We showed that Christ suffered the essence of Hell and separation from God, and only as we sinners recognize that only by His being made "afar off" from God can we be "made nigh," only by His being "made sin" could we be "made righteous."

At the conclusion of the afternoon message as we felt the Holy Spirit was gripping hearts in conviction, we gave an invitation for those to

come forward who would truly receive of His grace and confess themselves dead, buried and risen with Christ.

There was a fine response as numbers came forward, knelt down and cried aloud to God for forgiveness of their sins. One of the first was Mr. Lee. He wept and confessed himself to have been a hypocrite, covetous, a schemer, a busybody, proud, self-righteous: and he declared God's judgments on him to have been entirely just. He then gave a confession and testimony to the whole assembly declaring that that day salvation had come to him for the first time.

From that hour Mr. Lee was truly a new creature in Christ Jesus. His change of heart took immediate effect in his conduct. He went home and got the remainder of his stock of books that he had been selling and brought them to the church and placed them on the ground in the middle of the courtyard.

He invited the preachers and Christians who were assembled to inspect the books and whichever ones they thought unfitting for a Christian to sell or handle to throw into a pile on the side.

This was immediately done. Several of the educated young preachers squatted beside the pile and glanced through each book. All the books,

with the exception of some of the classics of Confucius and Mencius, which were regarded as innocent enough, were tossed on the discard pile.

But Mr. Lee did not falter. Before the whole group of spectators he set fire to the pile of books that represented practically the whole of his meager capital and they were consumed in the flames. "From this time on" he loudly announced, "I shall devote myself to selling the portions of God's Word and telling men of His Saving Grace."

This demonstration of abandoned sacrifice created a profound impression and silenced even his erstwhile critics and accusers.

* * * * * *

It was a couple of weeks later and we were preaching in another village in the same section of the country, about 20 miles distant from the Eighth Village. Looking down in the audience one morning we saw the shining face of Mr. Lee-Hope-to-get-Rich, as he had previously been known.

After the service he came back to the little thatched hut that served as my living apartment, in which porcelain wash-bowls, running water and electric lights were conspicuous for their absence.

"I want to give you my card," he began. I assured him that I knew exactly who he was and did not need any identification. "Oh, but you

must have my new card! I have a new name. Formerly I was known as Lee-Hope-to-get-Rich. Now," he said handing me his card with a flourish, "this is my name." We glanced at the card and read the characters *Lee-Ling-Sen,* which by interpretation is *Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit.*

"Nine years," he explained, "I was conceived in Christ! Not until the day you preached on the cross of Christ was I really born of God. From henceforth I have no desire to get rich, so I have given up the old name; I am now a new creature—Born of the Spirit of the Living God! From henceforth I live to tell others of Him."

Two years passed. The Lord led our steps into various parts of China, and we returned from time to time to our home in the lower Yangtze Valley. On returning home on one occasion we found a great fat letter addressed in Chinese. Breaking the seal I found a sheaf of pages, neatly inscribed in the Mandarin style. I wondered who could be my voluminous correspondent, so I turned immediately to the last page where, under the benediction "The peace of the Gospel unto thee," appeared in bold characters the name *Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit.*

"Aha!" we thought, "the erstwhile book-salesman of the chequered career and the new name."

After the usual salutations, my correspondent went on to tell of his spiritual history since he had become *Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit.* "I have preached the Word of God wherever I went as I have distributed and sold portions of Scripture. God has given me deep understanding of His Word and I *have become mighty in faith and prayer,* so that the Lord has been glorified in me in the salvation of many souls and the healing of many bodies. All the people know that I can prevail in prayer to God.

"I will give a specific illustration, so that you may know that God's Word through you to me was not in vain. Last spring the drought in our section was very severe. The wheat sown in the fall had had no snowfall to blanket it during the winter, which was extremely dry. In the early spring no rains came to soften the ground. The villagers were busy invoking their gods, stretching the usual willow sprigs on strings across the streets. The village idol had even been brought out and carried around so that he could see the arid conditions of the land. But still he did nothing about it.

"The people became alarmed as week after week passed and there was not a drop of rain. Famine was staring them in the face." (Where

there is such a short interval between hand and mouth, the farmer's concern is everyone's concern.)

There came a day when Mr. Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit heard a knock upon his door. Sliding the wooden bolt he opened it and found four of the elders of the village standing without.

"Come in gentlemen, and sit down!" As they crossed the court to his guest room, he shouted the command "Pa'o Ts'a—Brew tea!" in response to which his wife came with a teapot and several cups. The beverage served on this occasion could be called tea only by courtesy. It was not the aromatic tea of the "Dragon Well," usually served in the homes of the wealthy, but the willow-leaf home-brew in common use in the rural homes.

"What can I do for you today?" inquired Mr. Lee. "We know, Mr. Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit, that you pray to a certain Jesus, and we are told that you receive remarkable answers to your prayers. We are requesting, therefore, that you shall pray to your Jesus to send rain upon this dry and thirsty land. You know we are all desperate as we contemplate the prospect of a famine."

"Oh," says our friend Lee, not without a touch of irony, "you gentlemen have found the T'u ti Lao Yie (the god of the fields) has not been able to help you out? Now you come around and ask

me to pray my Jesus to send rain down on a lot of idolaters who do not believe on Him! I shall do nothing of the kind, so if that is all you have to say, you may take your departure."

"But Mr. Lee," they protested, "you will not refuse us so hastily! Is there anything we can do that will make you change your mind and supplicate your Jesus for us?" (Thinking of course that a financial barter was in the offing). But this Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit proved to be none of the spiritual seed of Balaam, the son of Beor!

"Yes," he declared, "there are conditions, but they are not what you think. I demand no money and desire none, but you as the heads of the village will be required to take down every idol or idolatrous symbol of any kind out of your homes and remove your ancestral tablets. All of these things must be brought out and publicly burned in the market place before I shall utter one prayer to my Jesus to relieve your drought."

The "Dong Sz" (village fathers) were speechless at this. They had come prepared to accept a financial proposition, but such conditions as these were beyond their remotest thoughts.

They looked blankly at one another till one suggested that he should give them time to think over his terms. To this he agreed.

Another week, and the heavens remained as brass, the ground was cracking, and the sprigs of wheat long obscured by dust were beginning to turn yellow.

Again the four village fathers presented themselves at the home of Mr. Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit.

"Though they were unexpected and unusual, we have decided that we will meet the terms on which you agree to pray to Jesus for rain. We shall remove every Buddhist idol and every idolatrous symbol from our homes. We only beg of you that you will not require us to remove our ancestral tablets. We cannot offend the spirits of our forebears by removing these tablets. If we did we would be guilty of breaking the basic law of filial piety. Nor do we consider this as idolatry."

"Do you not worship several times a year before these tablets of your ancestors?" inquired Brother Lee.

"Yes, we do," they replied.

"Can your ancestors who have died, and most of whom are in perdition, help you? Indeed it is right and proper for you to honor and respect your ancestors, but to worship them is idolatry and I cannot pray to my Jesus for you while you are yet guilty of this sin. Unless you are willing

to do away with your ancestral tablets, you may as well take your departure."

Sadly they went away, grumbling at the intolerance of these Jesus-worshipers. Another week of drought, and in final desperation they returned to Mr. Lee and told him they were prepared to to take down even their ancestral tablets, if he would only pray for rain.

"Go, then, to your homes and remove all of these things to the open market place. I will presently come and inspect your homes and see that all is clear."

After a little delay he made the rounds of the homes and inspected very carefully. Not a single idolatrous symbol could he find, and even the ancestral tablets had disappeared. He then betook himself to the market place where a large crowd was assembled. The four elders were in the center of the crowd with the pile of images, paintings, paper hangings and money, kitchen gods, Lares and Penates and ancestral tablets.

Mr. Lee delivered a sermon to the assembled multitude on the one Living and True God and the Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. In the light of God's revelation he declared the iniquity of idolatry, and asserted the drought to be divinely sent as a punishment for their sin.

"This day, after we have burned these idols, we shall pray to Jehovah God in the name of His Son, and there will be rain!"

He then proceeded to burn the pile of idols and fetishes, as grave predictions of impending disaster were whispered among the bystanders.

When the fire had abated Mr. Lee ordered the elders to repair to his home for the season of prayer. He caused them to kneel down on the mud floor of his house and he knelt beside them.

For an hour and a quarter Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit poured out his heart to God, citing His power and His promises from Genesis to Revelation, pleading with Him to unbare His arm and vindicate Himself in the presence of a wicked and idolatrous people. There was no thought of glorifying himself. Even the physical needs of the people were not prominent in the supplications, but that the glory of God should be manifest.

Never had the elders of the village been subject to such an ordeal. At the end of the lengthy prayer they issued forth and cast their eyes skyward. There was not a cloud in the sky. In an undertone they grumbled their doubt and incredulity.

Lee was standing in his door watching them depart. Sensing their remarks, he shouted to them

to go on home and eat their dinner. "And you will hardly finish eating before there is rain on the earth."

Each went to his own home and his bowl of steaming dry rice with an appetizer of bean sprouts and greens.

Halfway through the repast and over the sound of rice being inhaled by several mouths came the faintest sound of distant rumbling. The clacking of chop sticks in bowls ceased; there was even a diminuendo in chewing as one looked significantly at another.

Mr. Sun layed down his chop sticks and went out to scan the horizon. Low on the horizon he spied some rain clouds. The sound of rumbling came again, plainer than before. "Hao!" he exclaimed, and returned into the house to report his discovery. "T'ien fan — Add rice," he commanded his wife as he extended his bowl. He devoured the remainder with added zest as from three points of the compass the clouds mounted higher and the sun was obscured.

Clumps of people were gathered in the open watching the assembly of the rain clouds until the most skeptical were forced to admit the imminent descent of the much-desired rain. Great streaks of lightning zig-zagged from the dome of heaven.

"T'a shuoa dih, Lee shien-sen shuoa dih!—He said it, Mr. Lee said it would come!"

A great gust of wind and then a mighty calm, and the great drops began to fall singly and scattered, and then with increasing intensity until all had withdrawn to shelter. The torrent continued well-nigh unabated until the third day, till the elders of the village with wide oiled-paper umbrellas and hobnailed shoes picked their way through mud and water to the home of Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit.

"Mr. Lee, your Jesus has power indeed and has sent an abundance of rain. But if this continues we shall have a flood. Will you not now supplicate your Jesus to cause it to cease?"

"Return to your homes! By eleven o'clock the sun will shine!" It was as he said. By eleven o'clock the sun shone brightly in a naked heaven. The letter concluded with: "The crops were saved, and in fact were better than usual, and God the Father and God the Son were honored, and many opened their hearts to the Gospel of His Grace!"

"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

Lee-Born-of-the-Spirit, mighty in prayer, demonstrated that He still lives and is the same!

An incense-bearer of the Son of God!

Chapter III

HU, THE ELDER

"Looking for the Blessed Hope"

Mr. Hu-Resembling-Prosperity sat amidst regal splendor in the guest-room of his spacious establishment in the Hu family-village. He was the feudal lord of the town, the undisputed autocrat of all he surveyed, the possessor of extensive agricultural acreage in the surrounding country and the largest mansion in the center of the village with numerous courts and a hundred rooms. So august was his presence that none of the lesser lights in his family or among the rank and file of the villagers were permitted to sit down in his presence.

He was served his meals in solitary majesty but before he sat down to his repast he would look carefully at the appetizer in each saucer. If any dish looked to be poorly prepared or un-

worthy to appear on the table of one of such importance, he would verify his suspicions by lifting the saucer to his nose for a whiff and then would hurl the whole with its contents through the open door and into the courtyard. With all his irascibility and domineering qualities the Elder Hu had a real parental interest in the welfare of his people and was fair and just in the administration of local affairs.

On the particular day of which we are speaking, as the Elder reposed in a semi-reclining wicker chair, a servant came in bearing a letter which he reported had been brought by special messenger from Elder Chu of the village of Yee-Hsu, forty li distant. Mr. Chu was a life-long friend of Mr. Hu, of corresponding position in their respective villages and a community of interest in the writings of the sages which they would discuss to the wee hours of the morning on their periodical visits to one another. The friendship was further cemented when Mr. Hu's eldest daughter was given in marriage to the first son of Mr. Chu.

Mr. Hu received the letter with a grunt, broke the seal with deliberation, extracted a single thin sheet, lined with vertical red lines at intervals of about half an inch, which were entirely disre-

garded in the inscription of the artistic grass characters of Mr. Chu. Real beauty and symmetry lie in that which to the unpracticed eye appears to be a careless hen scrawl.

The missive was brief but revolutionary in its import to Elder Hu. His eyes first ran easily over the characters until they began to blaze with wrath. The content of the letter was something like this:

"Mr. Hu-Resembling-Prosperity — the Great One — the worshipful one —

"The small brother (designating the writer) has in the past been a student of the philosophies of the sages, a devotee of the three religions. Now, the small brother has found the true Doctrine of the Mean, the Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. If you care to discuss the matter, come and visit me when you have the opportunity.

"The autumn's peace be unto thee!
"The diminutive brother,
Chu Yuan-Shan."

Re-reading the epistle to assure himself that there was no mistake, Mr. Hu jumped to his feet

in a rage, threw the letter down on the tile paved floor and stamped upon it with both feet.

"He has found the 'true Doctrine of the Mean,' has he? Did not the philosopher Mencius enunciate the Doctrine of the Mean sufficiently well that he has to turn aside to this foreign Jesus?"

He was well-nigh speechless with anger that a master-scholar of Chinese literature and philosophy should be guilty of such a horrible defection. He ignored the letter and sent the messenger back empty-handed as a deliberate rebuff to his old crony who had so seriously apostatized.

During the months that followed the subject haunted him. He tried his best to account for this strange mental aberration on the part of his old friend, and he debated every angle of it until he was brain-weary.

He was torn between anger and resentment at his friend's unaccountable departure from the precepts of the fathers and curiosity as to its cause.

"Were Chu a mere yokel of the fields untaught in the four books and five classics, this talk of discovering the 'true Doctrine of the Mean' could be attributed to ignorance, but Chu is a master of arts and knows the classics to recite by heart from beginning to end! Again were he a pauperized scholar he might be doing something to help

himself financially, or trying to 'eat the foreign doctrine,' but Chu is a plutocrat, the owner of many fields!"

Baffled in his attempt to explain the phenomenon, the lunar year drew to a close.

Mr. Hu now wished that he could hear again from his friend Chu. He began to regret his refusal to send a reply to the short letter of a few months back. Since then Chu had maintained an unbroken silence.

The New Year drew on with its round of festivities, gambling, drinking, "worshipping the year." It was a time when convention demanded that the Elder should receive and entertain with cakes and candy the endless stream of village swains in all stages of inebriation who would come in to pay their respects to him and bow before his ancestral tablets. He was bored to extinction at the very prospect of it and felt an urge to smash every precedent by going away and leaving it all.

The idea flowered on "the first day of the big year" when he ordered his household servant to summon his wheel-barrow-man, since he planned to take a trip. His amazement at such a suggested profanation of the great day caused the domestic to partially forget the augustness of *The*

Presence. "On the first day of the big year?" he stammered incredulously.

"Summon the wheel-barrow-man!" roared the great one, whereupon the servant beat a hasty retreat to carry out the mandate. Presently the wheel-barrow-man stood before the master resplendent in holiday attire, a blue percale external toga shiny with newness covering the old wadded garments beneath, (the veterans of many winters) and a new satin hat, surmounted by a bright red button, set squarely on his head.

He bowed sedately, placing the ends of his sleeves together as he muttered the New Year salutation.

"Lao Hsien Sen, Kong she, fah ts'ai, ru ee!" "May the venerable gentleman be felicitated with happiness, wealth and health." With a nod and a grunt, none too graciously, Mr. Hu proceeded with the business in hand:

"Prepare the wheel-barrow. I am going to Yee-Hsü."

Astounding as was such an order on such a day, he bowed and retired.

The wheel-barrow was gotten out of a locked room and trundled into the court, upholstered with a cotton comforter roped securely on one side of the high wheel in the center. The barrow-man un-

buttoned his New Year garment and the wadded garments underneath, slipped his arms out of the four layers at one time, and folded the whole carefully and placed it in the burlap catch-all suspended beneath the wheel-barrow, and informed the master that all was ready for the departure. The old gentleman presently issued forth with as many layers of clothes on as he could carry, high boots to cover feet and legs and a great hood covering his head (with a flap hanging down his back) from which only his nose and mustache were visible.

He sat on the upholstered side of the barrow, tucked one leg under and allowed the other to dangle. The man who was to provide the power stood waiting, a woven strap with a loop in each end, over his stalwart shoulders. When the old gentleman was comfortably seated he stooped over, slipped the loops over the ends of the shafts, and trundled Mr. Hu out of his gate and down the street of his village for a visit, the duration of which none knew, himself included. The townspeople exclaimed to themselves in muttered undertones at this strangest of all the acts of the capricious old patriarch — "He goes out of the gate on the first day of the big year!"

Four hours were required to cover the thirteen

and a fraction miles from the mud-fenced village of the Hu family to the town of Yee Hsü, and the short winter's day was drawing to a close as the iron-rimmed wheel of Mr. Hu's wheel-barrow rumbled noisily over the well-worn flagstone pavement of the street inside of the gate, to break rudely upon the New Year stillness of a normally-busy thoroughfare. Doors of stores boarded to the outside were inwardly the scenes of Bacchanalian festivities and gambling orgies.

A lone man at the side of the street seated by a table on which there rested a *Book*, was the only person visible to the stranger on the wheel-barrow.

The lone man was Elder Chu himself. He looked up at the sound of the approaching vehicle and immediately recognized the traveler in spite of his wraps. He hastened to meet him and in his joy at seeing his friend, forgot all decorum and threw his arms around Mr. Hu in a warm embrace, as he cried:

"I knew you would come, and I know you are going to be saved! I know you are going to be saved! You came out of your gate on the first day of the big year! I know you are going to be saved!"

"For shame!" sputtered Mr. Hu, thrusting him

away, "for you to act in this undignified fashion, and shouting all that jargon that 'you know I am going to be saved!' And what mean you, the head of this village, to be sitting in the street behind a table with a book on it as though you were an ordinary fortune-teller!"

"Come along in and have some hot tea and rice and we shall discuss everything at our leisure!" was the rejoinder of the host.

Here began a visit of several weeks, during which the scholar Chu expounded enthusiastically to a stolid and truculent Hu the revelation of the Grace of God in Christ.

Visibly softened though yet unconvinced, it was midway of the second month before Elder Hu returned to the fenced village of Hu, laden with a Bible and several commentaries written by Faber, an early German missionary who had become a master scholar of Chinese. These he promised his friend Chu to read carefully.

"The marvelous logic of the Book of Romans under the guidance of the scholar Faber, laid hold upon me," Mr. Hu told me in after years. "It was superb! Unanswerable! Unique! I fell down on my knees and confessed my sin and Christ my Savior, and wrote a letter to my friend Chu saying, 'I too have now believed in the Christ

of Calvary, the Mediator between God and man.' "

Rarely if ever have we encountered such deep devotion to the oracles of God—to the Person of Christ! Such a lofty concept of the undiluted Grace of God! Such tender solicitude that others should be informed of it.

The autocrat abdicated, the ambassador of Christ succeeded.

The humblest farm-hand yet with the dust of the fields upon him would be invited to a seat of honor as the Elder Hu (in later years becoming lame in one foot) hobbled on crutches to pour tea for him, after which he would tell him of the Grace of God in Christ.

His wisdom as village father was enhanced after he came into fellowship with the Source of Wisdom. The rest of the country was scourged with bandits. The largest villages had been raided and looted and the leading citizens carried off for ransom, the local militia helpless to withstand the onslaught of the desperadoes.

But Elder Hu out-maneuvered them. He picked a brave and able man for Sergeant of Militia, and commanded that the men should be carefully selected, well-paid and adequately uniformed and equipped, and that the men should be constantly and carefully schooled in marksmanship. The

bravery, efficiency and deadly aim of the militia detachment of the Hu village were so noised abroad that the town became a city of refuge for the terror-stricken burghers of other towns, till property values were at a high premium and there was considerable concentration of wealth within the walls. The town had never been attacked.

One day Mr. Hu received a message from the bandit chieftain who had scourged and bled the whole country. Said he, "The country is a great circle like unto a nether mill-stone and you are the hub at the center. We have done our will on all four sides and now we are coming after the hub. If you will pay us two hundred thousand dollars I will spare you, otherwise we shall attack and it will fare very much harder with you!"

Deep consternation was spread through the town of Hu. Several of the leaders came in to confer with Mr. Hu and tremblingly advised that the chieftain's demand should be met.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Hu. "If we give him two hundred thousand dollars now, he will demand the same amount or more ten days later. Our sergeant here will set a watch on the tower and our men shall be kept in constant readiness on the walls, and I shall tarry each night

in the bottom room of the tower praying to the Lord of Hosts for His care and protection."

Whereupon Mr. Hu sent word to the bandit chief that he would give him *nothing*. If he chose to attack he would find the men of Hu village prepared.

A few nights later an attack was attempted, but the volleys of lead from all parts of the wall were so disastrous to the bandits that they beat a hasty retreat and decided to confine their efforts to localities where the competition was less keen.

I was enjoying a wonderful visit in his home, preaching to his people and discussing the things of God with him each night till the "wee sma' hours." Particularly did he love to speak of the hope of the near return of Christ. The next day he said, "I have something to show you!"

I followed him as he called for his servant to get certain keys and then hobbled on his crutches through several circular gateways and through a series of courtyards.

Presently he stopped before a two-leaved door and ordered the servant to unlock it. All that could be seen in the room when the doors were thrown open were two coffins. Of excellent workmanship they were, and finished with the best varnish, but coffins nevertheless!

For the sake of those who do not know, be it known that the Chinese of the better classes always prepare their coffins and their grave clothes long before their demise. They have no intention of being placed in just any kind of box or clad in just any sort of clothes for the body's long rest, so they superintend the construction of their own caskets and the tailoring of their own grave clothes!

After giving a casual glance at the two coffins, one intended for himself and the other for his wife, I asked him why he was at such pains to show me the coffins, and assured him that I was not the least interested in such things! He stamped his good foot with the least touch of irritation and commanded me to look well.

I turned again and scanned the two big caskets and noticed something about them both that I had previously overlooked.

At the bottom of each were four large characters carved from the wood and embossed with gold. The first four were *Wen sheng ts'u mo*—which literally translated means "Hear the sound and emerge from the grave," and the other four read *Chu lai fu ch'ee* which can be freely rendered "At the Lord's coming I shall rise again."

Now I knew the reason why he showed me

the coffins! I bowed to the waist and congratulated the venerable gentleman on his sure hope of resurrection.

"That," he beamed, "will be my final testimony! When they bear me out in that box and the people along the street will say, 'Mr. Hu, the Jesus-believer is gone! But what mean those characters?' Then my own people are instructed to inform them all what 'Wen sheng ts'u mo' means. They are to say 'Think not the Elder Hu is to be buried for all time! The characters mean that one day he will hear the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God, and he will come out of the grave and be raptured to heaven with a glorified body! God's Word declares it and it will be so!' My wife will also give the final testimony, 'When the Lord comes I shall rise again!' "

We have not found such a shining hope among the Christians of Western lands!

The Message on the Lord's Coming

So keen was the old gentlemen on the truth of the Lord's coming that he insisted that we must have a special afternoon meeting at the little mud-thatched church to set forth that momentous subject.

About an hour before the time for the service

the patriarch hobbled out of his gate on his crutches and moved down the street of his village to "invite" the villagers to the meeting.

He spied a fellow standing on the top rung of a ladder repairing the thatch on his roof. "Come down from there!" commanded Mr. Hu, "don't you know the pastor is going to preach on the coming of Christ? Get your family and hurry over to the church!" Immediately he began to back down the ladder.

A moment later he addressed a man behind the counter of his store. "Where's your daughter?" inquired Mr. Hu. "In the back yard," replied the proprietor. "Call her to come and wait on the trade and you and your wife and your son come over to the church to hear the pastor preach on the return of Christ." "Hao, hao—Ma sang chiu lai!" "Good! I will be there with the speed of a horseman!"

Further down the road in an open space a yokel stood holding a cow by a line fastened to a ring in her nose, while she contentedly ate her hay. "Hitch that thing!" yelled Mr. Hu, "why should you stand there like a wooden man when the pastor is preaching on the coming of Christ? Make no delay in coming to the church."

The little church, needless to say, was jammed

beyond capacity and the people stood in the courtyard. For an hour and a half the old gentleman sat erect on a backless bench six inches wide and listened with rapt interest to the message of the near advent of Christ in the light of fulfilled prophecy.

The meeting over, we felt the old gentleman should get back to his home as quickly as possible. We had a Harley Davidson motorcycle with side-car in the courtyard and persuaded the old gentleman to entrust himself to that outrageously noisy contraption.

We packed him in the side-car—crutches and all. He was not entirely happy and looked a little rueful as we threw our leg over to kick off the starter. When the engine started with a series of deafening explosions the old gentleman's face was a study in the fear of fortitude. We whirled out of the courtyard and onto the undulating dirt road. The steel rimmed wheels of countless ox-carts had transformed the road into little better than a series of camel humps. The lilting motion of cycle and side-car even at the speed of 20 m.p.h was reminiscent of the sensation one experiences on a carnival thriller. The old gentleman accustomed to the placid progress of the wheel-barrow felt himself to be traveling

at a blinding speed, at least half of which was up-and-down. He was half-way convinced that the rapture of the saints was already begun!

We circled the village of Hu and entered at the south gate, finally drawing up in front of the gate of his mansion. We extricated him from the side-car and helped him through the courtyards into his spacious sanctum.

One would think that such a harrowing experience would have banished from his mind the message of the afternoon. But he had no more than deposited himself in the semi-reclining wicker chair before he straightened up and whisked back each sleeve preparatory to issuing a manifesto.

"It will not be long!" he declared. "You younger men will live to see it. Unless He comes within the next year or so, they will put me in that casket out there! (pointing with index finger to the coffin room in the rear of the establishment). But even I will not have to sleep very soundly. I will only *nod* a little while before the trumpet sounds!"

We shall never forget the triumphant radiance of his countenance, an incense-bearer of the Son of God.

"Even so, come Lord Jesus!"

Chapter IV

ERNEST AND FAITH

A Modern Aquila and Priscilla

The Yins are a well connected and distinguished family, with their origins in the Province of Hunan. Into this family, a little less than a half-century ago, was born a son who later received the school name, Ren-Sien, which might be freely rendered, "Duty First."

Young Ren-Sien was educated in his early years, and as befitted his position in the old style classical manner, drilled in the writings of the sages. Later he was sent down the river to the great educational center of Nanking, where he was initiated into some of the mysteries of Western learning and made contacts with organized Christianity. Here he assumed the Christian name of Ernest. Later he made profession of faith, and was received into the Presbyterian Church in Nan-

king. He is always at pains now though, to make clear that that was *only* a profession, and was not real heart faith, and was unaccompanied by the experience of regeneration.

Returning to his home he was married at an early age and soon embarked upon a commercial career. Of this first union there were four children born—two girls and two boys. After becoming the mother of these four, Ernest's young wife died.

Deeply grieved, Ernest sought a change of scene. He determined to pursue his education further, so committing his four young children to the care of his near relatives, he left the shores of China, sailed for the United States, and matriculated in Harvard University at Cambridge.

He graduated in four years, receiving his Bachelor's degree, and returned to China for a time, but a little later took another trip to the United States. The second time he remained for two years. On his second return to China he met and married the charming Miss Sü-Yuin Ding, who had also been educated in the United States, having come to this country on a scholarship from Tsing Hua University, the Boxer indemnity institution in Peking. She completed her under-graduate

work in Mount Holyoke and then took graduate work in Columbia, majoring in zőology.

On her return to China, Miss Ding became connected with the work of the Y.W.C.A. and was located in Shanghai. Here she was a colleague with Miss May-Ling Soong, better known in later years as Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

Miss Ding was the daughter of the late, well-beloved Pastor Ding Li Mei, one of the mightiest witnesses God has ever raised up in China. He spent his later years of failing health in the ministry of intercession. This dear man was telling me of the pangs of soul that he suffered when he discovered the destructive effects of her American education upon the faith he had instilled in his daughter from her early youth. He told me of a beautiful Bible he had given to the couple on the occasion of Sü-Yuin's marriage to Ernest Yin, and how he had discovered several years afterward that it had laid untouched in the bottom of a trunk.

After their marriage, Ernest and Sü-Yuin, who later took the name of Faith, took up their residence in the city of Tsinanfu, where Ernest held an excellent Government position as Director of the Tax Bureau on Wines, Spirits and Tobacco. They plunged into the whirl of society dinner

parties, mah-jong parties, theatres, dances, etc., differing in no essential particular from the activities of worldly people in any land and at any time. A son, who was named David, was born of this union, as the four by the previous marriage were beginning to grow up and attend high school and college.

Lena, the eldest daughter, attended Ginling College at Nanking, and a few years later gave me her testimony: "I had always had a spiritual mind, and desired to know the things of God. When I was just a young girl in McTier's school in Shanghai, I would walk around the campus at night and look up at the stars and think, 'Surely the Creator of the heavens must have some purpose in us, who are His creatures,' and yet nobody ever told me of the way of Salvation, though it was supposed to be a 'mission' school. When I later went to Ginling College it was just the same. I still wondered but not one told me of Christ the Savior and sin-bearer, the coming King. Then someone gave me a Bible and urged me to read the Gospel of John. It was in the reading of this Gospel and without human assistance or leading that I received Christ as my personal Savior. I had been rejoicing in Salvation some

months, when I returned to my parents in Tsinan for a holiday.

"By this time we had another little brother six years old, by our step-mother. They had called him David and he was the apple of our parents' eyes. I found little David loved the Bible stories I told him and the Gospel choruses I taught him to sing.

"My parents were tolerant toward me, but after some days they took me to task for not going out with the 'young set' that I should normally have associated with. I assured them that since I was a Christian I had no desire whatever to associate with that worldly group, and greatly preferred to remain at home. I told them that I enjoyed the company of little David.

"They then upbraided me, not too unkindly, for my fanaticism in adhering to a set of outworn dogmas, and thus threatening to 'spoil' my life. My father went on to assure me that he and my mother had once thought there was something to all that, but that after going to America and sitting at the feet of the great professors in the universities, they had been convinced by them that the Bible was merely Hebrew folk-lore, filled with errors and superstition, and of no practical value to the intellectual people of the modern age. 'Yes

indeed,' put in my mother, 'I being the daughter of Pastor Ding Li-Mei, was nurtured in the doctrines of Christianity, but have been thoroughly disillusioned in the course of my education. It is not good enough, Lena, to waste your life on.' I replied, 'My dear parents, I highly regard your conclusions in most things, but I must say that if all the university professors in America unite to declare that the Bible is untrue, it cannot alter the fact that Jesus Christ dwells in me, and I am saved by faith in Him and His blood shed for me on the Cross. And, my dear parents, Christ is very much grieved with you two, because having been taught of Him, you have cast it aside and have turned back to the world and its pleasures. Until I came home little David had not been taught anything about the Lord Jesus, but now he loves to pray and sing Gospel choruses. You both love little David very much, so sometimes I wonder if the Good Shepherd is not going to be compelled some day to take His little lamb back to the Father's House, in order that the sheep may return to His path.' " The meaning of the last statement was too obvious to be missed. It was a bold thrust, but uttered with such quiet earnestness and respect that no offense could be taken. The conversation was thereby terminated.

It was a week later; Lena had returned to her studies in Nanking and the other three were scattered to other places. Mrs. Yin was in the parlor playing the piano. Little David was playing in the room. The mother, occupied with her music, failed to observe David slip out of the room. Presently she turned to speak to him and, seeing that he was not in the room, went out into the hall to seek him. Not finding him there, she called the servants and asked them if they knew where the little chap was. All denied having seen him, saying that they thought he was with his mother, but joined in the search for the beloved son all over the house, and spacious grounds. An hour later they found him, but what a tragic discovery! The house was surrounded by a deep ditch full of water, similar to a moat surrounding a medieval castle. It was on the surface of this moat that the body of little David was found floating face down! The Good Shepherd had come and taken the little lamb back to the Father's House!

The gloom and sorrow that was spread in that home may be readily imagined. A telegram was sent to Ernest Yin who was in Tsingtao on business, and to each of the children to return immediately.

Ernest and Faith Yin knelt by the side of an open coffin, weeping their eyes out. But in the depth of their sorrow the Lord sent a beloved and Godly physician to minister to them the Words of Life. He urged them then and there to turn from the things of the world and receive Christ as Savior and Lord. The Spirit of God moved upon them and drew them to the foot of Calvary. Then and there these two charming children of Adam the First, by faith became the spiritual seed of Adam the Last. The two errant sheep came back to the Father's Way. As they mingled tears of repentance with tears of sorrow, the Savior gave them balm for their sorrow, the "oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." They returned from the cemetery to give themselves wholeheartedly to "the Word of God and the Testimony of Jesus Christ." So vigorous was Ernest's testimony to his subordinates in the Tax Bureau that they could only account for it by declaring that grief over the death of his son had deranged his mind!

Just as actively in the society circles in which they had moved did Faith bear witness to the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ. The transformation was immense and complete. For single-

ness of heart and zeal for Christ and His truth, we have never met the equal of this couple!

It was less than 2 years after his conversion that Ernest Yin was transferred to Kaifeng, the capital of Honan, to a position in the provincial tax bureau of that province, corresponding to the one he had occupied in Shantung. By this time they had another little son, whom they called John. In Kaifeng the testimony of this flaming pair was given with greater vigor than ever, and it was here that we made our first contact with them, as I was called to Kaifeng for special meetings. Ernest Yin would assemble his office force extra early so as to dismiss them to attend the mid-morning service at the church.

At this time also the eldest son of Ernest Yin, James Tao-Yung, was at home for the first time since the great transformation had occurred. This attractive, cultured, well-groomed young collegian did not know what to make of it. When I spoke to him of my hope and expectation that he also would be saved, he loosened up and blurted out to me, "I do not know what to make of this family of mine! When I left home this was a normal Chinese household. Now I come home, and at breakfast my father starts in on me and says, 'Tao-Yung, you need salvation, you must believe on

the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.' Then my mother takes it up and says, 'Tao-Yung, you must be born again or you will never see the Kingdom of God.' Then my sister Lena starts in and says, 'Tao-Yung, we have all been saved and are going to Glory, but unless you believe in the Lord Jesus and get saved, you won't be with us.' And so it is, morning, noon and night, breakfast, dinner and supper, until I feel convinced that they have either gone mad, or I have. I am perfectly willing to be saved, but I do not yet understand it all."

He came to the meetings regularly and after the meeting the very next night this excellent young man came to see me and told me that his mind had been enlightened and his heart touched. "Now," said he, "I am saved." He asked me to pray with him. After I had committed him to Christ he uttered a prayer of faith and thanksgiving. He concluded with an expression of gratitude that God "had sent Mr. Graham to lead me into the way of salvation."

Chapter V

LENA AND JONATHAN
Whom God Hath Joined Together

It was on this same first visit to the city of Kaifeng and after the conversion of her brother that Lena, the charming daughter of Ernest Yin, asked me for an interview. This, of course, was granted and Lena opened the conversation by saying,

"I want to tell you of my *temptation*."

I have had enough experience to know that when a lovely young girl speaks of her "temptation" it is very likely to wear trousers. So it proved in this case.

She told me of an interrupted romance. When still a student in Ginling College, at Nanking, she had become acquainted with a young man who was a student in the University.

"He is a very nice young man, you know, and a model of good character and behavior. So moral

and upright is he that he feels no need of a Savior."

He would persist in saying, in reply to her urging him to believe in Christ for Salvation,

"I have no need to be a Christian. What is the use of it? I am already a better man than those who claim to be Christians."

He was, however, most kind and considerate of her and would escort her to the door where Christians were met together and would come and meet her after the service and see her back to the college, but he would never go in.

There are parts of Nanking within the city walls that are wide open spaces, where there are undulating hills, groves, gardens, fields. One would seem to be in the country rather than in one of the greatest, most populous capitals in the world. It was while walking along a road through just such a rustic scene as this that the handsome Mr. Chang stopped and point-blank asked the charming Miss Yin to marry him. Miss Yin replied,

"There is one serious objection to it. I am going to heaven and you are on your way to hell, so how can two people who are going in opposite directions get married?"

With this reply all negotiations tending to matrimony broke down.

For six years they had remained friends and had corresponded regularly though unromantically; both had remained single.

"I have told you all this," Lena went on, "because I am interested in his salvation, and I want you to be on the lookout for him when you go to Nanking to preach next week. I shall write him to go to hear you and to greet you after the meeting and make himself known." I assured her that I would not forget.

On my return to the Yangtze after the meetings in Kaifeng, I was accompanied on the railroad trip by Ernest Yin, who made an official business trip to Shanghai to synchronize with my return south. We enjoyed a wonderful Christian fellowship on the journey and he confided many of his plans for the advancement of the work of the Lord to me. He also told me that he was making the trip at that time in order to round up his second son, Arthur, and his second daughter, Grace, to attend the meetings I was about to hold in Nanking.

When the meetings in Nanking opened the following week I noticed an excellently dressed

young man in the audience at the first afternoon meeting.

This young man came up afterwards and introduced himself as Arthur Yin. He said his father had sent him up from Shanghai, and he wished to "report present." His father had told him to bring his sister, Grace, too, but on account of an afternoon "lab" period in the University, she could not come until the night meeting. True to his word, both were there that night, and I was introduced to the charming Grace.

I had noticed particularly during the course of the message a very handsome young Chinese who sat on the front seat fastidiously dressed in native costume and conducting himself with admirable attention and dignity.

I noticed that this fine looking young man stood waiting after the service to speak to me. "That," thought I to myself, "is Lena's boy friend." So it proved to be.

He presented himself with a courteous bow and thrust his hand into his bosom to withdraw a letter.

I said, "You may save yourself the trouble of that letter of identification. You are Mr. En-pu Chang, the friend of Miss Lena Yin of Kaifeng. I am happy to meet you and glad to take this

opportunity of introducing you to Mr. Arthur and Miss Grace Yin, the brother and sister of Lena."

They had never met before but greeted one another with due decorum and thenceforward were fast friends.

None of this trio of charming young Chinese had ever believed on or confessed Christ, but before the series of meetings were over all three came unreservedly to Christ and confessed Him as Lord and Savior.

Young Mr. Chang came to see me in the room of the home in which I was staying and gave me his testimony: "I was very self-righteous and felt no sense of sin or need for a Savior. I was comparing myself with my fellow-man. But the night you gave the message on the holiness of God as revealed to Isaiah, the Spirit of God showed me my awful sin and hypocrisy, and I immediately received Christ as Savior and Lord." He wrote a long confession of faith to the Yin family in Kaifeng. I warned him lest he permit any natural affection for Lena to enter into the all-important question of his relationship to the Lord. He replied with some spirit that for six years he had never stooped to any pretence along that line and that he would not do so now! Six months later I had the pleasure of joining the hands of

Lena Yin and Jonathan Chang in the holy bonds of matrimony!

He had asked me to give him a Bible or Christian name.

"Do you really love the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ?" I asked him.

"I do indeed," he replied.

"David was the type of Christ and Jonathan, the son of Saul, loved him as his own soul. I therefore dub thee Jonathan!" Jonathan he has been to all his Christian friends from that day forth, and a beautiful and steadfast couple they have been in the testimony of the Lord ever since they have been joined together.

Chapter VI

ARTHUR AND GRACE

Presented at the King's Court

During the six months in which the beautiful romance of Lena and Jonathan budded and blossomed into marriage, Arthur Yin, employed in a newly established bank in Shanghai, was receiving his baptism of fire as a soldier of Jesus Christ. This winsome young graduate of Tsing Hua University, where he distinguished himself in academics and athletics, was thrown into the midst of the whirlpool of iniquity that is the Paris of the Orient. On the occasion of one or two visits that I made to Shanghai during the course of the first six months of 1935, he sought me out in his free time and stayed with me in my room at the Missionary Home.

He sighed for a place of quiet in which to pray and read his Bible.

"My rooming house is in the midst of a nest

of gambling dens, brothels, motion-picture houses and dance-halls, and I long for a quiet room where I can go that is out of earshot of all this unholy noise to read and pray."

I suggested to him a room that was near to his banking establishment that was set aside for prayer. Primarily interested in the things of God we discussed the blessed truths of the Scriptures at great length, but our conversations would range all through the fields of economics, current events, comparisons of the various dialects of Chinese (he was an adept in at least three of the most diverse) to an analysis of Bill Tilden's tennis strokes! The fellowship was delightful. I rejoiced to see him grow in spiritual knowledge and understanding.

It was at Easter that he came from Shanghai and his prospective brother-in-law, Jonathan, came from Nanking to the church where I was ministering in Chinkiang to publicly confess Christ and to receive baptism. One could search the world over for two more cultured, courteous, charming young men than this pair, scions of the best families of old China, trophies of the grace of Christ.

Grace continued to pursue her studies in the

University of Nanking, but with a new hope and joy.

The warm days of summer came again. The wedding of Lena and Jonathan was on June first at our home atop a lovely hill. It was a memorable occasion, with all the members of the Yin family present and many other friends of China and the West. The ceremony was planned for the green lawn under the trees, but the rise of dark threatening clouds caused a last-minute shift to the parlor. Wisdom was justified of her children, when the clouds showed that they meant business, and we were visited with a downpour.

Nothing could dampen the happiness of the occasion as we rejoiced in the Lord and in those whom He had joined together.

As we look back on that felicitous occasion, it would seem that those dark clouds were the harbingers of sorrow that was to come shortly over that particular company and on a more comprehensive scale to foreshadow the war clouds that were to hang heavy a brief two years off.

Those were halcyon days in Old Cathay, such as we do not expect to see again in this age. Not for a millennium had China enjoyed the tranquillity that characterized the years from 1932-

1937 under the Nanking government with General Chiang-Kai-Shek at the helm.

* * * * * *

The month of June was drawing to a close. It came time for me to commence a trip north to Peitaiho, lovely seaside resort just south of where the Great Wall meets the Sea, and where Summer Bible Conferences were held. I went by Nanking to pay a brief visit to our newly-weds, Lena and Jonathan, in their home. They accompanied me to the railway station partly to escort me and partly to meet Ernest Yin who was coming from Shanghai on the train which I would board for the North.

Ernest stepped off the train and greeted us with characteristic warmth. He informed me with shining face that he had arranged a vacation for Arthur from his bank that he might go North to attend the Peitaiho Conference and that Grace would join him in Nanking and she also would go.

"They will leave on this same train tomorrow night! I wanted them to go with you tonight, but they could not get away quite so soon."

I thought of that later and considered how differently things might have turned out if they had been with me that night instead of delaying a day.

The other brother "Tao-Yung" or James, who had been saved in Kaifeng, had been asked to be a secretary at the Peitaiho Conference. He met me on the station platform when I arrived in Peitaiho that Saturday afternoon of June 30th. When I told him that his brother and sister would be along the next day he was delighted as he had not known they were coming.

The next day was July first. It was the day set by the Ministry of Railways of the Nanking Government to run the first train through from Peking to Mukden since the occupation of Manchuria by the Japanese in 1931, nearly four years before. In that interval there had been two trains, one from Peking to the Great Wall and one from outside the wall to Mukden. The Chinese Nationalists incensed by Japan's grab of Manchuria felt that to run a through train and carry mail etc. was for China, in effect, to recognize formally Japanese sovereignty in Manchuria. The "Iron and Blood Society" — a red-hot group of Nationalists—made several drastic threats as to what they would do if the train were run through. The railway authorities ignored these threats and carried on with their plans. It was this train that our Arthur and Grace boarded in Tientsin when they left their train from the South. They

usually rode in the first or second Class compartments, but that day they went in to the third Class car.

The train had gone about sixty miles from Tientsin when it became apparent that the warnings of the "Iron and Blood Society" were not mere empty threats. A time-bomb had been placed in each of the first, second and third class cars. It was only the one in the third class car that exploded, and it was very near if not under the seat where Arthur and Grace were sitting.

The damage that was wrought may be well imagined. The whole side of the car was blown out and quite a number of people killed or injured. Arthur and Grace did not escape. A piece of the bomb entered Arthur's throat just below the jaw, passed right up through his brain and came out at the top of his head. He never knew what hit him and never regained consciousness. Grace was horribly mangled. Her outside garment, called the Manchurian gown, was completely blown off, her skull crushed in, four fingers on one hand shot off, the calf and thigh on one leg ripped open and the other foot blown nearly in two until it hung by a thread. Still she was perfectly conscious!

The day was fiercely hot and the victims were

carried out and laid on the platform of a station which the train was just entering when the explosion occurred.

A master-sergeant of the United States Infantry Medical Corps located in Tientsin was on the train at the time, going away to spend his vacation. He knelt beside Grace to see if he could do anything to relieve her. She thanked him for his kindness and said, "I am going to die anyway and go to be with the Lord Jesus Christ. I think you would do better to help the others. I would be glad if you can find my brother and see what can be done for him!"

The master-sergeant later made a statement to the Press that though he had served more than 1,200 wounded in the World War he had never seen such a demonstration of courage as was shown by that Chinese girl, and he added, "She was *really* a Christian!"

A missionary also knelt beside her and took her name and the name of her brother. She told him that she and her brother had been going to "the Conference of Christ" being held at Peitaiho, but said she knew no one there except Mr. Graham and her other brother.

The dear girl had no idea that she was going to meet Christ in a greater and more real

sense than she could possibly have done at Peitaiho. Almost while she was talking the Spirit left the body and fled to His presence.

The news was brought to James Yin and myself in Peitaiho that they had been injured and James took the first train to the scene of the tragedy. He found the body of Grace already in a rude coffin and that Arthur had been taken to a hospital in Tientsin. He had the remains of Grace taken into Tientsin and hastened then to find Arthur, but all he found were his brother's mortal remains. Arthur had died as they brought him into the hospital. No two brothers were ever more devoted to each other.

He committed the two corpses to a mortician and wired his father to come. He then wrote a letter to me—one of the most beautiful I have ever received. He told how even in death the peace of God was written on those two faces. He rejoiced in their salvation and that they had gone to be with the Lord. He asked me if I could come the following Sunday to conduct the funeral service.

This I arranged to do. Ernest Yin had arrived before me and came to meet me in the early morning, greeting me with affectionate warmth and with that quiet sobriety that has always char-

acterized him. He was no whit different from the man who had come to see his other daughter married at my home five weeks before.

He gripped my hand and looked heavenward and said with a radiant smile, "I have no complaint to make, my Tao-Koa (Arthur) and Teh-Huei (Grace) are now in the presence of the Savior. I am filled with joy to know that they both received Him that day in Nanking." He was never occupied with his own sorrow, but spent his time testifying to the many guests who came of the saving power of Christ.

The tragic event in which two shining young people of one of the best-connected and most widely-acquainted families in all China met sudden death received wide publicity, and the little chapel at the Race Course Road Cemetery in Tientsin was packed on that torrid Sunday afternoon.

An excellent opportunity was afforded me to bring the claim and privilege of the Gospel home to many who knew nothing of it. The message was from II Corinthians 5:1.

> For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, *an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*

It was evident then and later that in what is to man the untimely death of these two young people, the challenge to others for the immediate acceptance of Christ as Savior and Lord was tremendous and in the wisdom of God it was permitted for this purpose.

Through this testing the character and testimony of Ernest Yin emerged finer and stronger than ever.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of His saints!"

Chapter VII

THE KEEPER OF THE TREASURY AND THE GOVERNOR

A few short months after the passing of his son and daughter I received a letter from Ernest Yin. After the usual greetings he made this statement: "The Lord Jesus Christ has promoted me to be Commissioner of Finance for the Province of Honan. I shall accept this higher position for the glory of Him Who gave me life." Would that we had public officials in the United States who hold office strictly as unto the Lord! As Tax Bureau Director he had turned in four times more revenues to the central government in Nanking than his predecessor in that office, so when the highest finance position in the province became vacant, Ernest Yin was immediately elevated to it. It placed him in a commanding position in the province with only the Governor his superior.

When he assumed the office of Finance Commissioner in September the provincial treasury was $2,000,000 in the red. At the end of the fiscal year—June 30th of the next year—it was $700,000 in the black. For the honesty and efficiency of his administration, this government official, whose heart God had touched, was cited on the front page of the Shun Pao, one of Shanghai's great daily newspapers, in a conspicuous square of heavy black type.

He concluded his letter by asking me to come and speak to a company of people whom he would invite into his home to hear the Word of God. This was what he had done before on a smaller scale but his higher position made it possible for him to invite any and all of the official class and the intelligentsia. Though his invitation was in no sense intended as a mandate, it was not considered good form in those circles to ignore such an invitation.

I was not able to go until late the next spring, but when I did the Lord honored His Word and the zeal and devotion of Commissioner Yin. Men and women of all walks, but all of the elite class, highly educated and returned students from the countries of the West, heard the Word and received it. Another commissioner in the Gov-

ernor's cabinet and his wife were beautifully saved; first the wife and then the president of the provincial bank, graduates of Smith College and Columbia, respectively, were saved. The man had formerly been a notorious drunkard and gambler. The agent for the Ford automobile for three provinces, an American University graduate, was mightily saved and his wife with him.

Ernest Yin was thrilled at this movement of the Spirit of God, but as he paced the floor of his home, where I was staying, I knew he was planning another offensive on another front. Presently he stopped and said, "The governor! The governor! He has not been faced directly with the Gospel of Christ. I am not in a position to invite him to these nightly meetings, but we will invite him to a dinner party and give him the Gospel!" Never an enemy of good victuals, I accepted the challenge. The governor also accepted the invitation.

Excellently attired in the conventional long satin toga with the short sleeveless black vest, the swarthy, soldier-scholar appointed as head man of Honan by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, presented himself at the home of Commissioner Yin at the appointed hour.

A scholar of the old school of China and a

soldier of the new school, browned with the suns of campaigns and training periods in the field, Governor Shang Cheng had attained the rank of General before being assigned to a post of civil administration.

He knew a smattering of English and had had some contacts with western diplomats in Peking while he had been Governor of the province of Hopei in which the city of Peking is located.

He was the soul of genial courtesy during the course of the delightful feast that was provided by our host, as casual conversation was engaged in.

The repast over, we adjourned from the table to "sit widely." As Governor Shang sank comfortably into an upholstered chair, I spied a beautiful new copy of the Scriptures lying on the table (the book of God was always plainly visible in the Yin home). Lifting it from the table I inquired from His Excellency whether he had ever read it. He scanned it carefully and said, "Ah! that is the 'Sheng Ching'—The Sacred Classic, is it not?" And then replied to my question as to whether he had read it, "Not much," which is a polite way of saying "never!"

I opened it at random and my eyes fell on the beloved Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah. As I

pointed with my finger down the columns, his eyes followed the reading of the characters. The words flowed in the matchless Biblical Mandarin—

> Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.
>
> But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.
>
> All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all!

Here he stopped me for a moment and said, "What means all this and to whom does it refer?"

"To the Lord Jesus, Who is the sin-bearer of all who believe in Him, Who took our punishment on the cross," I replied.

"Who wrote it?" he inquired.

"A man by the name of Isaiah," I explained, pointing to the book title in the margin.

"When did he write it?" was the next question fired by my inquisitor.

"About seven hundred years before Jesus Christ

was born, and about a century and a half before Confucius lived," I shot back at him.

"Did I understand you to say that this Ee-Sai-Yah (Isaiah) wrote all these things about the death of Jesus Christ *seven hundred years* before Jesus Christ was born?" the Governor continued.

"That is quite correct, Sir."

"Well, how could the man Ee-Sai-Yah know anything about it?" was the obvious next question.

"Because the Spirit of the Living God who knows the end from the beginning revealed these mysteries to him long before they came to pass," I explained.

"Seven hundred years before!" mused this gentleman of Old Cathay.

"Ch'i bei nien chi'en—ch'i gwai! Ch'i gwai! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

The wonder of divine foreknowledge communicated to fallible men by the Holy Spirit, the miracle of prophecy, gripped him. Would that it could grip a pleasure-mad and Gospel-hardened America, which has trodden these pearls under its feet!

Presently he rose hastily from his seat as if to forcibly interrupt his own meditations, announcing that the pressure of official business demanded

his presence at provincial headquarters. As he bowed around the circle to guests and hosts, thanking the latter for their hospitality.

Finally, he turned to me and bowed to the waist and then extended his hand western-fashion.

"I have a request to make of you. Could you come to my small place tomorrow and instruct me further in this wonderful matter foretold seven hundred years before? And Commissioner Yin (turning to our gracious host) could you accompany the Pastor to my place, say at 10:00 A. M. tomorrow morning?"

We both assured him that we would be there at the time appointed.

With a nod and a smile to all he quickly made his exit. His personal body guard escorted him to his car, and he was whisked away to his offices.

The next morning at five minutes before ten, Ernest Yin and I were ushered into the parlors of the Governor's Mansion and served tea. On the tap of ten the Governor appeared, this time attired in a close-fitting military suit of gray gabardine.

He welcomed us cordially, inquired as to whether we had been served tea, and then drew up a chair close to mine and said, "Tell me more of the matter of which you were speaking

yesterday, of which the man spoke seven hundred years before it occurred."

Unhurriedly I explained the purposes of God through the ages, and told of the Lamb the sacrifice for sin, slain, in the counsels of God, before the foundation of the world, and of His sure coming again to reign. The issue was made ever so personal and the necessity of individual recognition of one's own sinful and lost estate before God.

He listened with intense and unflagging interest and then said, "Then what shall I do about it?"

"Kneel right here with me and acknowledge Christ as Lord and Savior. Are you willing to do so?"

"Certainly, I am! Indeed, I *must*!"

Down on the beautiful Tientsin rug we knelt, and I first uttered a prayer and then led the Governor in a prayer of acceptance of and committal to Christ. He spoke the words as sincerely and earnestly as a little child, and I feel sure that at that moment he became a child of God. No one who knows his Bible can escape the similarity of this experience to that of Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch.

Governor Shang never missed another one of

the night meetings held at the home of Commissioner Yin while I was there, and at the last invited us all to a dinner at his home where only the things of God were discussed. As I went to the northern cities of Tientsin and Peking to preach he wired to friends in Tientsin to greet and entertain me and wrote his wife who was residing at their fine home in Peking to come and hear the word of God, a thing which she was careful to do. He wrote me a letter in English—not very good English to be sure, but with unmistakable sincerity in which he said he was thankful to God for bringing me to Kaifeng to "lead him into the way of truth and life."

In the calamitous war foisted upon China by Japan a year later General Shang Cheng was one of the commanders of the Chinese army that made such a long and noble stand at Suchowfu. When the armies retreated inland he was in command of the divisions in the southern province of Kiangsi. From Christian sources there I heard of his continued testimony to the saving power of Christ, and of his promotion to be a marshall in command of forty-two divisions of the Chinese armies.

In the midst of the stress and strain of war the Lord continues to make Ernest Yin and his wife shining lights for himself. Transferred from

Honan in hopes that he would revolutionize the finances of his native Hunan, he was offered the governorship of that province which he refused to accept. He did accept the portfolio of Finance Commissioner. Later, he was transferred to Chungking, the Western Capital of General Chiang, where he is right-hand man to Dr. H. H. Kung, finance minister and brother-in-law to Generalissimo Chiang.

"He that believeth in me, from his inward parts shall flow rivers of living waters!" (John 7:37).

Chapter VIII

A SCIENTIST MEETS THE GOD OF SCIENCE

I was preaching in Wuchang, one of the twin cities of central China. I noticed a well-dressed man sitting in the rear of the church. He looked rather bored. Seated in a pew all by himself, he put his foot up on the bench, braced his back in the corner of the pew, and tried to settle down for a comfortable nap.

Presently I began to read from the Mandarin Bible. The passage was Matthew 24. The man in the rear of the hall began to prick up his ears just a wee bit and to evince some interest that a foreigner could read the Mandarin with a rather unusual degree of facility. Having read a portion of the great Olivet discourse containing the signs of the age as given by the Savior Himself, I proceeded to give a message on the signs of the second advent of Christ, citing recent world con-

ditions and international relationships, the general breakdown of morals, the departure from revealed truth as fulfillments of the sign. The man on the back seat was unable to go through with his nap. In spite of himself, he became deeply interested, straightened up his back, put both feet on the floor, and then leaned over on the seat in front with arms folded and chin on the back of his hands. His eyes burned into me as I set forth the truth of the near return in judgment of the Son of God.

After the service was over, he came down to the front to speak to me. Rarely have I seen such agitation. Sputtering in alternate English and Chinese, he began to shout, "It's true. It's true. Every word that you say is true. I never knew that these things were revealed in the Bible. May I go with you to your house and talk with you further concerning these matters?" I readily agreed.

As we walked along to the house, I learned that he was the dean of the Science Department of a great university there in Wuchang, a Doctor of Philosophy from one of our American universities. We had a long and earnest conversation, and my friend, Dr. Cheng, really met the Lord Jesus. A fire was kindled within him the

like of which I have never encountered before in a spiritual babe.

At the next few meetings he was present, each time with his Bible open, listening with avid interest. On Saturday evening, he told me about a certain friend whom he had brought in as a professor of mathematics in his department. His friend was in Shanghai in a hospital and he felt he was going to die shortly from a serious kidney malady. As he told me about it, he showed the greatest agitation, and shouted, "He is going to hell."

The next morning I looked for the doctor in the morning service. I scanned the audience in vain for his shining countenance. He didn't appear, but attended the afternoon service, seemingly more eager than ever. Following the afternoon service, he again came to have a conversation with me.

"You may have noticed," he said, "that I was absent from the morning service."

I assured him that I had taken note of it. He said, "I had my Bible in hand and was going out the door of my house in Hankow (Hankow is across the Yangtze River from Wuchang), but as I started out the door, it seemed as if some unseen force literally thrust me down upon the

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floor in a passion of prayer for the salvation of Dr. Chow (the mathematics professor of whom he had spoken the day before). I had hardly been able to sleep all of Saturday night, thinking of my friend's near approach to eternity without Christ. So when this overpowering burden of prayer came upon me, I knelt there on the floor of my own room and cried aloud to God, literally weeping a puddle of tears. The paroxysm of agony continued for about an hour. Then as suddenly as it came, it departed, and I rose from my knees with absolute peace of heart and mind. Looking at the clock, I saw that it was 11:30 and realized that it was too late for me now to arrive at the morning service. So I decided simply to stay at home until time to leave for the afternoon service.

"Now, Brother Graham, what I want to see you about is to exact a promise from you that as soon as you are able to return down the river, you will go to Shanghai and call on this friend of mine whose life hangs in the balance and minister Christ to him before he goes hence."

I promised him that I would do this at my own earliest convenience, and that if I were delayed, I would communicate with some other Christian in Shanghai to go and perform this ministry. That

night at the conclusion of the meetings, I took a ship down the river to my home near Nanking, and after a few days of Bible conference in my own town of Chinkiang, I boarded a train and went to Shanghai. I knew a wonderful Christian missionary doctor who worked there, the beloved Dr. Thornton Stearns.* Upon my arrival in Shanghai, I called Dr. Stearns over the phone and made a date with him to go to the bedside of the mathematics professor. Promptly at 9 o'clock the following morning, my friend met me on the steps of the hospital. We went into the hospital office of the registrar to seek information as to the room in which Dr. Chow would be located (the Red Cross Hospital of Shanghai has about four hundred beds). As the registrar began to thumb through his records for the name, another young clerk came in and courteously asked me whom I sought. I told him Dr. Chow Chia-Su. He replied with a very solemn face and a shake of the head:

"Dr. Chow Chia-Su has left the earth."

About that time the registrar came across the record and nodded agreement with what his colleague had told me, producing a yellow hospital

* The same beloved physician who knelt with Ernest and Faith Yin in their hour of sorrow as recorded on page 68.

record sheet, at which I directed an amateur and Dr. Stearns a professional glance. There was a signed statement by the attending physician that Dr. Chow had left this life, but the thing that attracted my attention was the date and the time. It was on February 9 at 11:30 A. M. When I first heard that our mathematics professor had passed away, I wondered for just a moment why the Lord had brought me there after the death had already occurred. But as soon as I saw the date and the time, I told Dr. Stearns, "I know now that though you and I have missed seeing him, we shall meet the mathematics professor one day in the glory."

My friend asked me how I arrived at that conclusion. I told him that the Lord never lays a burden of prayer such as was described to me by Dr. Cheng of Hankow, without intending to answer such prayer. The fact that the passing of Dr. Chow exactly coincided with the time that Dr. Cheng had arisen from his knees and was relieved of his burden, gave double assurance that the prayer was in the Holy Spirit.

I bade my friend, Dr. Stearns, good-by and got on the train and returned to my home, content to let the divine principle illustrated in this connection wait for eternity for its vindication. In

the council of God, I was not required to wait that long. Only a few days afterward, I was asked to speak at a mission high school for girls in my own city. The text that morning was from the Ninetieth Psalm, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." I completed the message with the story of the Chinese educator in Wuchang whose heart had become aflame with the love of Christ and who had called upon God with strong crying and tears to save his friend. At the end of the story, I told them I felt certain, due to the prayer of this friend, we should all have the pleasure of seeing Dr. Chow Chia-Su in the glory one day. As the name of the mathematics professor slipped from my mouth, I noticed that there were signs of recognition in the audience of girls. I thought that was not surprising since he was a very eminent scholar and well known in Nanking and all through the Yangtze Valley.

After the prayer of dismissal, the Chinese lady principal of the high school asked me if I would wait for her a moment in her office. She had a word to speak to me. This I agreed to do, and when she came in, she sat down on the other side of the desk from me and said, "Mr. Graham, that is a very interesting story that you told at the

last of your message this morning. The most interesting part of it is that I know the other half of it. The gentleman to whom you referred, who has now passed away, is a son-in-law of this school. His wife is an alumna and incidentally a former principal, a graduate of Columbia University of New York. We call her Ai Loa (Love-Joy). Just a few days ago she came into this very office to see me. I had not seen her for sometime and I had heard the report that her husband was dead. I found it difficult, therefore, to explain the fact of her peace and joy of countenance when she came in, coupled with the fact that she had on no widow's weeds or anything of that nature. I thought I must have been mistaken about her husband's death else she could not have appeared so calm and natural.

"After we had exchanged greetings, I said, 'And how is your husband? I heard that he was sick.' 'Oh, yes,' she replied; 'he is gone to be with Jesus, and I shall meet him in His presence one day.'

"I was very much amazed at this statement," went on the lady principal, "because this couple were rather notoriously irreligious in our set, and how she could speak so confidently that her hus-

band had gone to be with Jesus and that she would meet him there one day amazed me beyond words. So I asked her for the basis of her assurance.

"She replied, 'It is all very wonderful. I can't even explain it myself. My husband was at the point of death; we all knew the end was near. He had been unconscious or in a coma all of that Sunday morning. At about 10:30, as several of us stood around the room, he raised his head up off his pillow and with a very clear eye and voice, declared to us all that he had seen Jesus Christ nailed on the cross for his sins. "I do not know why," he said; "the conviction has become so plain to me, but I know that He died for me. I know that I believe in Him. I know that I have eternal life and that I shall enter shortly into His presence. My dear wife," he said, addressing me, "we have wasted our lives. We have known of this gospel. We have neglected it. I urge you here and now, before I go hence, to trust Jesus Christ for salvation and to give your life to make Him known. In the school that we own and operate in Nanking, see to it that you have true Christian ministers to come there and preach the gospel to our students from now on."

After so charging us, he put his head back on the pillow and his lips began to move and we could hear presently the tones of a gospel song that he had learned long ago but which I had never heard him sing. We were amazed at the strength and clarity of his voice, and when the song was over, in clear, audible tones, drawing it from somewhere in the long hidden archives of his memory, there came forth from beginning to end the love chapter (I Corinthians 13). He ended up, "and now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, but the greatest of these is love." And as he spoke these words, his spirit fled from his body and he was drawn into the presence of the Savior whom he had so recently trusted.'

"So, Mr. Graham," went on the lady principal, "your judgment is correct. We shall see Dr. Chow one day in the glory."

It it strange how astonished we can be at that which we even claim to expect. My heart was filled with a song. I never reached the bedside of Dr. Chow in time, but the Holy Spirit, the Teacher, the Regenerator, the One who leads men to Christ, preceded me and did a much better work than I could have done. It happened that a few days later it was my pleasure to see the

lovely wife of the deceased mathematics professor and to hear from her lips the testimony of God's grace to her husband and to herself and to her husband's brother, all because of the effectual fervent prayer of a friend whose heart was aflame with the love of Christ.

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